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A E. E. Barclay

THRILLING AND EXCITING ACCOUNT

OF THE

SUFFERINGS AND HORRIBLE TORTURES

INFLICTED ON

MORTIMER BOWERS AND MISS SOPHIA DELAPLAIN,

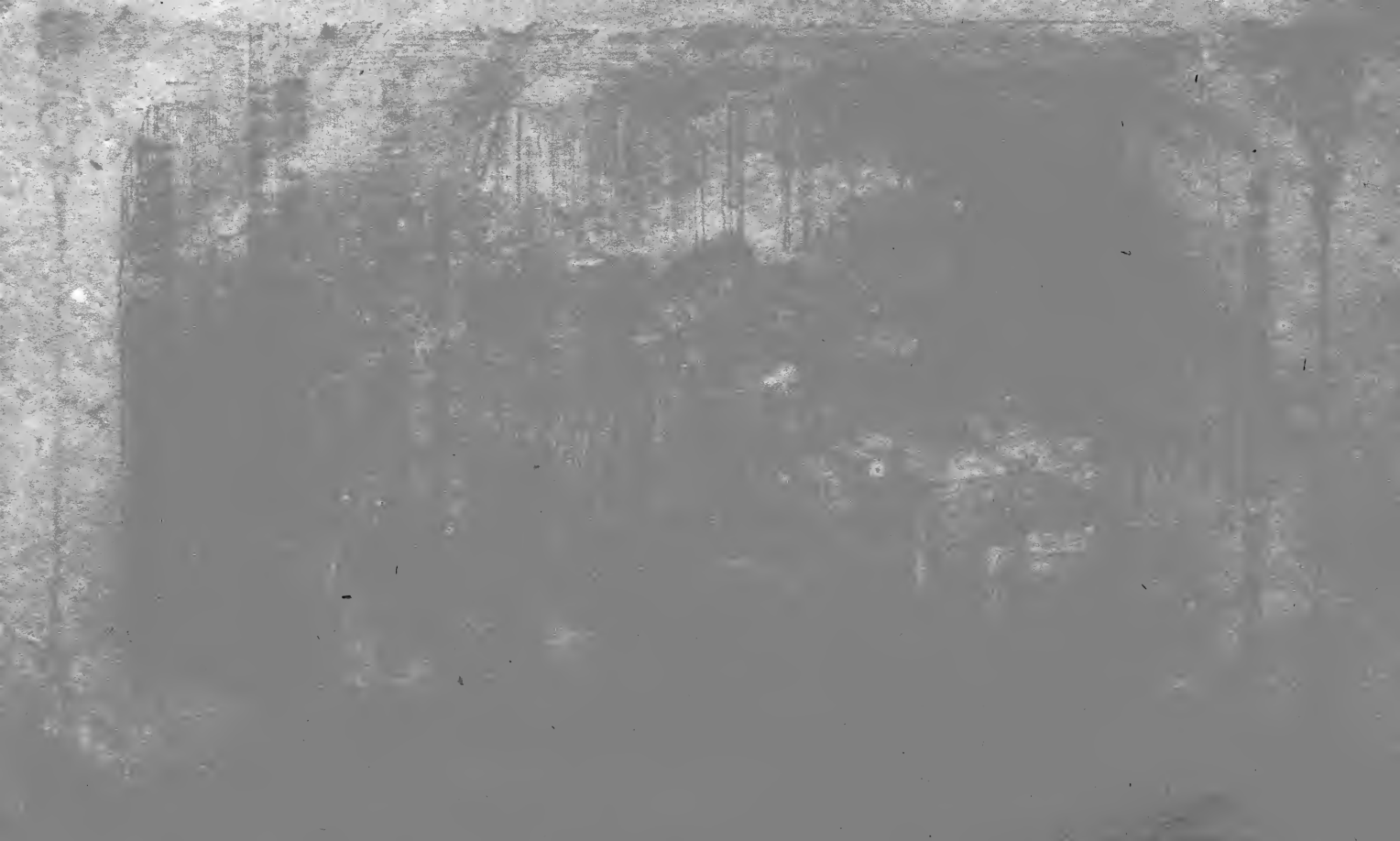
For a supposed participation with Gen. Lopez in

THE INVASION OF CUBA;

THE TORTURES BEING INFLICTED TO ELICIT INFORMATION RELATING TO THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ISLAND.

THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN MISS DELAPLAIN AND HER FATHER.

CHARLESTON, S. C.:
PUBLISHED BY E. E. BARCLAY; M. B. CROSSON & CO.
1851.



"The ropes were then drawn over the pullies, until they became so tight that we were under the necessity of standing on tip-toe to prevent our weight from being wholly borne by the tongue.—P. 29.

A

THRILLING AND EXCITING ACCOUNT

OF THE

SUFFERINGS AND HORRIBLE TORTURES

INFLICTED ON

MORTIMER BOWERS

AND

MISS SOPHIA DELAPLAIN,

BY THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES,

FOR

A SUPPOSED PARTICIPATION WITH GEN. LOPEZ

IN

THE INVASION OF CUBA;

TOGETHER WITH THE

PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN OF LOPEZ.

IT IS SUPPOSED THAT THE SPANIARDS VENTURED TO MALTREAT THE TWO INNOCENT PERSONS SPOKEN OF IN THIS NARRATIVE, ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR ISOLATED CONDITION, ON A REMOTE PART OF THE ISLAND, AND OWING TO THE IMPRESSION THAT THEIR INCARCERATION AND TREATMENT WOULD NEVER BE MADE KNOWN IN THE UNITED STATES,—THE TORTURES BEING INFLICTED TO ELICIT INFORMATION RELATING

TO

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ISLAND.

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BY MISS DELAPLAIN.

LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF WASH. 1875

CHARLESTON, S. C.:
PUBLISHED BY E. E. BARCLAY; M. B. CROSSON & CO,.
1851.

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SUFFERINGS AND TORTURES

OF

MORTIMER BOWERS AND SOPHIA DELAPLAIN.

THE invasion of the Island of Cuba by Gen. Lopez, is fraugh with many incidents which never have been, and I presume never will be, laid before the eye of the public.

On my return from that Island, on effecting my escape from the worse than demons who held me in bondage, the relation of my strange abduction, and the tortures and privations to which I had been subjected, excited such an interest in many of the most influential citizens of Baltimore, (Baltimore being the place at which I landed on my return,) that, at the earnest solicitation of those citizens, I have been induced to transcribe an account of my adventures, for the benefit of all who choose to read them.

My narrative will be found to contain many things characteristic of human nature, and it will prove in the highest degree salutary to the young and inexperienced.

In order to give a just idea of the sacrifices which I have made, and the extent to which the confiding and unsuspecting female is capable of being wrought upon, it is necessary that I should begin with my early life and habits.

My father was one of the most wealthy merchants of the city of New York, and I an only child and daughter. Our family residence in town was in Broadway, and the house in which we resided is familiarly known as the Broadway Mansion.

As a matter of course, I was the pet of my parents, and of all their acquaintances who sought to win their favour. My smallest wish was immediately gratified, and thus I was petted and fondled until I arrived at the age of six years.

When I had turned my sixth year, it became necessary to take measures to provide for my education. A governess was procured, as ordinary in such cases, but so great was my waywardness, that she was under the necessity of paying implicit obedience to my commands,—and thus, the one who by right should have governed, was converted into the most pliant subject. I have since looked upon her in the light of a fawning sycophant, for not sometimes checking me in my headstrong wilfulness. Considering, however, that she was under no injunction from my parents on that point, and that my parents did not themselves subject me to any restraint, I am inclined to the opinion, that, perhaps, she was excusable.

When it pleased me I attended to my lessons, and when I was otherwise inclined, it was necessary to coax, or hire, or hold out some inducement to me, stronger than the inducement to remain idle, or not to attend to my ordinary task. I would never subject myself to a command.

Among other things, as was perfectly natural, I was exceedingly fond of the society of the neighbour's children, and the play with them, of "All the way to Boston," or "We're marching forward to Quebec," was decidedly more agreeable than the dull monotony of "Webster's Easy Standard of Pronunciation," or "The Child's Instructor." It is not to be wondered at, then, that I sought the romp of these agreeable playmates in preference to the dull routine of study.

Among my youthful associates was a boy, a year or two older than myself, and residing next door to the Broadway Mansion. This little fellow was my particular favourite, on account of the mildness of his disposition, and the beauty of his features. His hair was of the pure auburn, and fell in natural glossy ringlets upon a neck whose lily hue told that the sons of Africa, the Spanish Moor, the Eastern Celestial, or the Aboriginal American, could claim no affinity. Nothing but the pure Circassian blood flowed there. And then he was so kind. Even at that tender age, he was always ready to administer to my slightest wish, and to do every thing to please me. His eye, the index of the soul, told that his mind was in perfect accordance with the beauty of his person.

The parents of this youth were in circumstances very different from my own. They were poor, and under the necessity of prosecuting business energetically, in order, as the saying is, "To keep themselves up in the world."

As the youth to whom I have alluded is to occupy a conspicuous place in this narrative, it may be well to announce to my readers that he was known under the name of Mortimer Bowers, or, familiarly at that time, to his playmates, "Little Mortimer."

Time thus passed on, until I arrived at the age of twelve years, when it was deemed advisable to send me to a boarding-school.

After some consultation, it was determined to send me to St. Ann's Hall, located at the romantic village of Flushing, on Long Island —then under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Schroeder.

Strange to relate, my state of mind was such that I felt not the least regret on leaving my home, although I kissed my playmates affectionately when I bade them adieu, and even condescended to shake hands with my governess.

My parents accompanied me to the Institution at which I was destined to finish my education, and we met with a very gentlemanly reception from the Superintendent. I was so well pleased with the deportment of Dr. Schroeder, who was to be my future guardian, that when my parents took their leave, I kissed them with a merry laugh, although my mother dropped a tear, as she resigned me to the Doctor's family.

Although I was well pleased with my reception at the Hall, I soon discovered that *there* was a place of order, and instead of commanding, it was necessary that I should become the subject. This, to me, was a severe trial, and oft-times, when I had been reprimanded for some misdemeanour, would I retire to my room, and weep for hours. On these occasions my thoughts would vividly portray to me those scenes connected with my home: the swing in the old garret, the yard filled with flowers, my former playmates, and particularly the image of "Little Mortimer," would come up in life-like reality before me.

The change in my condition, however, was somewhat alleviated by the privilege allowed us by our Superintendant, of walking out each afternoon for the purpose of recreation, and of viewing the beauties of the village in which my parents had placed me. Flushing is, undoubtedly, one of the most romantic and delightful villages on Long Island. The flower gardens of the Messrs. Prince, the nurseries of the Parsons, of Bloodgood, of King, and the grounds of St. Thomas's Hall, are all objects calculated to excite our interest and admiration. And then the beautiful country sites, and farms in the vicinity,—more particularly on the roads leading to Clintonville, to Manhasset, and to Jamaica. In fact, one cannot walk or ride in or near the village of Flushing, without witnessing something calculated to dispel the most gloomy feelings.

The enchanting objects which I have mentioned, compensated measurably for the restrictions under which I was placed at the Hall,—still, my memory would steal back to former times, and I would often long to hold an intercourse with my former comrades. But how should I hold a communication unknown to the Superintendent? This thought puzzled me, as no letter was allowed to pass from the Institution without first being scrutinized by him. I ardently desired to hear from Mortimer, and I at length set my wits to work, to devise some plan of holding a private correspondence with him. I conversed with my school-mates on the subject

of letter writing, and did not hesitate to express a wish that our letters might not be read by him.

On expressing this wish, several of the older pupils eyed me with particular attention, and it was not long before I received a particular invitation from one of them to visit her in her apartment at an hour specified.

At the hour appointed I repaired to her room, in which I found some half a dozen or so of the girls congregated. On my entrance, there were sundry knowing looks passed between them, and they immediately began to quiz me as to the reason why I wished to hold a private correspondence. My answers, of course, were all evasive. Enough, however, was elicited by them to know that I was fixed and determined on the point. The conference wound up by their telling me, that if I could keep a secret, I was at liberty to meet them again at another specified time. The truth now flashed upon me, that they had some plan to communicate, and I promised faithfully that I would meet them again, and that the secret, whatever it might be, should be faithfully kept.

On the third succeeding night, which was the time appointed for our second meeting, we again congregated in the same chamber. I was now put under a solemn pledge, that whatever they might communicate, should not be divulged by me.

They then went on to state, that they kept one of the servants in their interest by giving him certain bribes, and that if I felt disposed to contribute to the necessary fund, I might become one of their number, and share in the benefits of their association.

I did not hesitate to accede to the proposal. It was therefore agreed that I should contribute a certain sum out of the pocket money allowed me by my parents, as was done by the rest of them, —the amount of the contributions being punctually paid over at stated times, to the servant who transacted the private business, in the way of passing letters, &c.

After becoming initiated into this private association, I found no difficulty in getting up a correspondence in any quarter. I immediately wrote to Mortimer, requesting information relating to certain things in town, but did not intimate that I had any particular affection for *him*, giving him, at the same time, my fictitious address, which address was necessary, in order to screen the matter from our Superintendent, and known only to myself, my correspondents, the members of our association, and the servant whom we had enlisted in our behalf.

The first reply which I received from Mortimer, I beg leave to insert here, as showing the true state of his feeling towards me. It reads thus:

"Dear Sophia,—

"I have written to you on several occasions, but from some cause you have not received my letters, or else you have not condescended to answer them. You cannot imagine how I was transported on the receipt of the one to which I am about to reply. When I broke the seal, and discovered your signature, I kissed it again and again. I only wish I could see the writer, and impress as many kisses upon her lips as I imprinted upon the letter.

"Sophia, although I am but a boy, scarcely turned the age of sixteen, I love you. I love you with a pure, a fervent, and a holy love. You are every thing to me, and without you I am nothing. If you ever return to the city, you shall see how faithfully, how devotedly I will serve you.

"Forgive me, Sophia, for thus early avowing my sentiments; but, I am aware that beauty like yours must win many suitors. It is, therefore, not safe for me that you should remain ignorant of my sentiments towards you. Those raven locks, those sparkling eyes, that sylph-like form, combining grace and dignity in the girl, are only the prelude, or evidence of superior beauty in the woman.

"Sophia, accept of me as one of your suitors, and if I am the fortunate one, O the happiness that is in store for me!

"In the exuberance of my feelings, I had almost forgotten to reply to the various questions which you have asked in your kind letter. Martha Steward has gone to West Chester to live with her uncle; Mary Bingham has gone to Jersey City; and Sarah Alstead has gone to the Female Seminary of Miss Adrain, at Jamaica, Long Island; John Stillman has entered the junior class at Columbia College in this city. The rest of our old playmates are in town, engaged in various avocations.

"Write to me, Sophia, whenever you can get the opportunity, and believe me,

"Yours, now and for ever,

"Mortimer Bowers."

On the receipt of the above letter from Bowers, I made no further effort to conceal my preference for him; consequently, it was not long before we fully understood each other.

Subsequent to the time of which I have been writing, I remained at the Seminary of Dr. Schroeder, for the space of two years, at the expiration of which time my parents considered my education sufficiently complete, and I was called to town to make my *debut* in the *beau mondes*.

On the evening of my return to New York, my parents proposed to give a grand *fete* at the Broadway Mansion. The evening fixed upon was the 31st December, 1847. My parents in this case took the responsibility of inviting such guests as they intended for my

future associates. Whether they acted prudently or not, shall be left for the reader to judge.

On my arrival at the Mansion, I found it brilliantly lighted, and every thing prepared in accordance with the circumstances of my father. I retired immediately to my dressing room, and having arranged my toilet to my satisfaction, descended to the parlor. Here I found myself surrounded by all the aristocracy of the city, and those who were not already acquainted eagerly sought the honour of an introduction. I was courted and flattered by every one, still I was ill at ease. My eyes wandered over the assembly in vain, in search of one who was dearer to me than all,—but he was not there. The only way in which I could account for his absence, was that he had not received an invitation. I ventured to ask my father if such were the case. He replied, coldly, that he did not wish his daughter to countenance young men of the standing of the one to whom I alluded.

This piece of information went like an arrow to my heart. The idea that for the future Bowers and myself were not to associate with each other, when hitherto we had thought ourselves living for each other alone!

The remainder of the evening had no charms for me. I could not enter with spirit into any of the amusements, but merely talked and moved mechanically.

When the company had dispersed, I retired to my chamber depressed in spirits, with gloomy apprehensions for the future, and almost for the first time in my life I fell upon my knees, and prayed in the fervency of the spirit. I then threw myself upon my pillow and wept. Sleep only came to my relief, but even that relief was partial. Representation of deeds of horror haunted me in my dreams. Subsequent, or recent events, have but too fully proved those dreams to have been ominous of the future.

In my dreams I saw Bowers and myself in almost every kind of imaginary danger. At one time we were on the brink of a precipice, at another we were suffering shipwreck; and again, we were in the midst of the flames.

I rose in the morning with swollen eyes, and with an uncommon pain in the head. I made my toilet, descended to the breakfast table, and after partaking of a cup of tea, felt somewhat revived.

After breakfast, the first thing which I did was to address a note to Bowers, stating my arrival in town, giving an account of the entertainment on the previous night, and expressing my disappointment at not finding him there.

I also informed him of the remark made by my father, when I inquired the cause of his absence, and of the consequent necessity of holding our interviews in private, knowing my father's disposition too well to suppose for a moment that he could be made to relent, when he had a fixed purpose in view. Although he had for-

merly been indulgent to me in the extreme, I understood him sufficiently well to know that when his determination was fixed there was no alternative.

A series of private interviews were therefore my only hope. I was under the necessity of watching the movements of my father, in order to screen these interviews from his observation, and to lull him into security in *any* case of suspicion. At the same time, I took every favourable opportunity of speaking of the good qualities of Bowers, and of watching the expression of the old man's countenance whenever those qualities were the subject of comment.

I noticed that on all such occasions the countenance of the old man assumed one of its darkest hues. "Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest," he would say. "Let Bowers seek a wife in his own sphere."

Finding that my father absolutely refused to countenance any thing that might be said in favour of Bowers, I at length ceased to make his name the subject of conversation, in the presence of the old gentleman.

Our private meetings were still continued, and they mostly took place in the evening, after the old man had retired to rest. It was his invariable custom to retire at nine o'clock. During the remainder of the evening I was left at liberty to act according to my pleasure, without fear of restraint, so long as suspicion was not excited.

Bowers and myself generally contrived to spend an hour or two in the way of conversation and promenading, during several evenings of each week. Sometimes we would take a stroll on the Battery, and occasionally we would venture at the Museum. Policy required that we should not frequent public places in each other's society, as our association in such cases would soon become the subject of remark, and consequently reach the ears of my parents.

As already stated, I had the evenings mostly to myself after the hour of nine: my mother generally retiring at or before the time observed by my father, the delicate state of her health making it necessary for her so to do.

In the mean time I had many other suitors, whom, to please my parents, I always treated with courtesy and politeness, taking care, at the same time, that they should never trespass upon my appointments with Bowers.

The servants at home I managed to keep in my interest, so that I did not hesitate, on various occasions, to entertain Bowers in the parlor of the Mansion, after the old people had retired to rest.

On one occasion, my father, either by accident or design, rose about an hour after he had retired, and made his way softly and silently to the parlour. There was no intimation of his approach, He opened the parlor door, and caught Bowers and myself in one of our most agreeable *tete a tetes*. He threw the door wide open,

gazed upon us for a moment with an eye of scorn, and then turned away.

I trembled as I watched his departing footsteps, well knowing that the storm was now about to burst.

The next morning the old man did not make his appearance at the breakfast table, and my mother, when she presented herself, was in tears.

My father had ordered a cup of coffee to be brought to his chamber, and after *our* meal was over, I was summoned into his presence.

I obeyed the summons, and on entering the chamber, he calmly and silently pointed to a chair. His look was so cold and destitute of feeling, that I sank down with a shudder. After sipping his coffee awhile, he commenced—

"Sophia," said he, "you are my only child. I have educated and brought you up in a way befitting my circumstances, and I have a right to expect in return, that you will show your gratitude, by associating with such persons only as are calculated to sustain the dignity of our family. With this object in view, on your return to town, I introduced you to the society of all the *elite* of the city. I also told you, on the night of your return, that I did not wish you to associate with any, except those of a certain class. In what manner have you complied with my request?

"If I am correctly informed, since your return to this place, and introduction to the world, you have sought the society, and cultivated the acquaintance, almost exclusively, of this Mortimer Bowers. And who is Mortimer Bowers? A young man without fortune, without friends, and whose parents are in so straitened circumstances, that they with difficulty sustain themselves.

"Sophia, think not for a moment that I will consent to a union with *such* a family. On this point I must be obeyed. Deceive not yourself.

"I have now to request of you, that you discard this Bowers for ever, and I have also to inform you, that unless you comply with my request, you are to leave my roof immediately.

"Sophia, we live it is true, under what we call a republican form of government; but, our democracy exists only in imagination. It is merely a name, to tickle the fancy of the mob.

"We have our patricians and our plebians. Bowers belongs to the class of plebians, and his proper place is obscurity. You, Sophia, belong to the order of patricians, and with correct deportment on your part, your beauty and your talents, will obtain for you a place in the centre of the circle of attraction.

"Sophia, I will give you three days to decide on your future course, at the expiration of which time I expect your answer. You may now retire."

I listened to this address of the old gentleman with downcast eyes, and in the most perfect silence. At the conclusion, I saw that the crisis had come. Despair gave me energy. I threw myself at my father's feet, and with a flood of tears, besought him that he would listen to *me*. He answered not a word. I then went into a vindication of my course of conduct, commented on the virtues of Mortimer Bowers, spoke of his superior education, as an off-set to his lack of fortune, and concluded by intimating, that although Bowers himself were poor, yet, if my father would sanction our union, the wealth of our family was sufficient for both—and, in the most suppliant manner, I besought him to change his purpose.

When I had concluded, the old man looked at me for a moment, then thrusting me from him with a repulsive hand, said he expected my answer at the expiration of the three days.

With a heavy heart, I left *that* chamber, and retired to my own.

I again bent the knee in prayer, and earnestly did I pray that the evils which threatened me might be averted. Still, I could not prevail upon myself to submit to the dictates of my parent.

After having to some extent composed myself, I threw on my bonnet, drew my wrapper about me, and went in search of Mortimer. I learned that he had gone to Wall Street on some business, and that he did not expect to return until afternoon.

I returned again to the Mansion, and after some further preparations, strolled down Broadway, in the hopes of meeting Bowers on his return. I met him as I had anticipated, and on taking his arm, and turning in the direction in which he was going, I related to him the occurrences of the morning.

When I had finished, Bowers, extending his arm about my waist, and taking my hand in his, bent upon me one of his tenderest looks, and replied to the following effect—

"Sophy, dear, you know that you are all and every thing to me, —and it is a matter, in my mind, of the most sincere regret, that I am poor. I would not seek, dearest, to influence you in your decision, and the answer to the old gentleman. If you come to the conclusion that you will discard me, affluence for the future will undoubtedly be yours. If you resign all the attendant pleasures and comforts of wealth for my sake, I can only promise you, Sophy, that I will do all in my power to make you happy. If, however, you refuse to unite yourself with me, either at the present, or at some future time, all happiness for me is fled. I shall hope no more. What will life be to me, if the sole object for which I have lived is about to be torn away, or irrevocably lost?"

At this point of the conversation we had arrived opposite the Mansion, and we separated with the understanding that we should see each other again in the evening.

When I entered the house, I went immediately to my chamber, and packed up such portions of my wardrobe as were the most indispensable, in order to be prepared for any emergency—as I had already resolved in my own mind, that I would share the fortunes of Bowers, let the result be what it might.

As the evening approached I prepared myself for a walk, and kept a look-out for the appearance of Mortimer. He did not appear so soon as I expected. The shades of night had fallen, and the moon had thrown her "silver mantle o'er the dark," and yet Bowers did not appear.

Solitary and alone I sat in the front parlor, with the window half closed, anxiously scrutinizing the passers by, in the hopes that the next one might be Bowers himself. The moments dragged heavily away, and I had almost come to the conclusion that he intended to forsake me.

A light tap at the window at length told me that he was at hand.

In a moment I was at his side.

"Forgive me, dearest," he whispered, "for keeping you so long in waiting,—but I have been detained in a very serious case. As I was preparing to meet my appointment with you, my mother was seized with a sudden attack of cholera, and I was under the necessity of remaining to attend upon *her*. I stole myself away as soon as I could leave her with safety."

This explanation of Mortimer relating to his tardiness, was satisfactory, and I hesitated not to give him my entire confidence.

We directed our steps to the Battery, as being the most suitable place for our promenade, as we arranged matters for the future.

Bowers commenced the subject by asking me whether I had come to any conclusion. I told him, candidly and decidedly, that I had resolved never to wed with any, except with himself,—that I would share his fortunes, whatever they might be, and that if my father persisted in his resolution, we could but live or die together.

When I had stated my determination, Bowers was so transported that he seemed for the moment to have lost his senses; and it was with difficulty that I prevented him from kneeling to me, even in the street. I suggested the idea of observing a little propriety, and he was obliged to content himself by imprinting a kiss upon my hand.

"Dearest Sophy," he replied, "this is more than I had a right to expect, but, since you are willing to resign all for me, I pledge myself, as a man of honour, that no effort shall be wanting on my part to make you as happy as my circumstances will admit."

I told him, that poverty with him was preferable to wealth and luxury without him.

We then took into consideration the prospect for the future, and the question was asked whether it were not possible to appease my

father to such an extent, that he would not put his threat into execution, of turning me out of doors.

At one time it was proposed that I should apparently accede to his wishes, by seeming to discard Mortimer, and that we should manage to continue our clandestine meetings upon a different plan from that which we had formerly pursued. It was then again proposed that we should elope immediately, before the old man had put his threat into execution, and trust to time to bring about a reconciliation,—and again, it was suggested that we should bide the expiration of the three days, and that I should then acquaint my parent with my determination, and throw myself upon his mercy.

The first of these propositions was rejected, on account of the supposition that, for the future, I would be watched with the utmost vigilance, and, therefore, we should have but few opportunities of seeing each other.

The second was thought to possess no particular advantage, and, consequently, we concluded to adopt the third.

Accordingly, at the expiration of the allotted time, I was summoned again into my father's presence. I entered his room with a firm and determined step, though not with a disrespectful air.

He drew a chair, and requested me to be seated. Before asking my decision, he addressed me to this effect—

"Sophia, you cannot suppose for a moment, that I, as a father, can entertain any but the kindest feelings towards you, or that I would not do any thing calculated to advance your happiness, consistent with the dignity of my family. I know it is sometimes the case that young ladies set their affections on a particular suitor, and exclude the more worthy, whether such conduct meet the approbation of their parents or not.

"I am confident, dear Sophy, that upon reflection you have decided in accordance with the dignity of your family, and that you have determined to select a husband from among the many wealthy suitors who are candidates for your favour."

When the old man had finished, I again knelt before him. I told him that I ought not to suppose him capable of doing any thing to make me miserable, more particularly as I was his only child, and that I was fully sensible I ought to subject myself to his guidance to any reasonable extent,—but, that the subject of matrimony was one in which every lady should have some choice of her own, as marriage was an event calculated to determine the happiness or misery of a whole life.

I told him that I had had a preference for Mortimer from his boyhood,—that I had never seen any who could compete with him in point of physical or mental endowments,—that his reputation was without a stain, and that his only misfortune was in being poor,—a circumstance entirely beyond his control, being nothing

more nor less than a dispensation of Providence, or the result of the laws of the country.

In fine, I told the old man I could wed with none, except with Mortimer Bowers,—and I besought him, as he valued the happiness of his daughter, not to drive matters to the extreme which he had meditated. I promised obedience to him in every *other* thing, but, in the subject of matrimony I could not be controlled.

When I had finished my reply, my father's face was livid with rage. He rose from his seat, paced the room a few times, then turned to me and said—

"Sophia, the die is cast. Here is my purse, as I would not turn you pennyless upon the world. This purse contains sufficient to provide for your present wants. The future will depend upon yourself. You are no longer the heir of Samuel Delaplain. You will leave this mansion before the hour of twelve to-morrow. If, after that time, you are found within its walls, I shall take the responsibility of handing you into the street. Farewell."

Thus the *finale* had presented itself, and it was now only left for me to obey the injunctions, and leave the house as soon as possible.

I had arranged with Bowers, that after the interview with my parent I should repair immediately to the Battery, where I should meet with him, that being the most convenient place of meeting, it lying in the direction of his business.

On arriving at that place I found Bowers already in attendance. I communicated to him the result of my interview, and the necessity I was under of seeking a new home immediately.

Bowers then informed me that the Ship Henry Clay was lying at the foot of Wall Street, and up for California,—that she was a staunch vessel, possessing every accommodation, and insured at the lowest rates,—that, as my father had driven me from his presence, he thought it advisable that we should seek our fortunes in the El Dorado of the West.

The California fever was then raging at its height, and it is not to be wondered at that I should lend a willing ear to the proposition of Mortimer.

The novelty of the thing was also exciting in the highest degree, and I was soon enlisted in it, with all the ardour of my feelings. The voyage around the "Horn" was entirely uppermost in my imagination,—indeed, so absorbed was I in the matter, that whatever regrets I might otherwise have felt, on being separated and driven from my home, under present circumstances, I was entirely free from any melancholy feeling.

In order to add to the interest of the adventure, I had a fancy of appearing on ship-board, in the habiliments of the masculine gender. I suggested the idea to Bowers, and he, willing to assent to every thing to please me, made no objection.

The ship was to sail on the succeeding day, and I, having the

privilege of spending one more night at the Mansion, did not find it necessary to seek any other abode in town. Mortimer repaired immediately to the vessel, engaged our births, and paid the passage money. I was entered under the name of Harry Blain.

Mortimer Bowers and Harry Blain were thus duly entered as passengers on board the Ship Henry Clay, destined for California, and intending to sail on the first of May, 1850.

It is remarkable that neither Mortimer nor myself suggested the propriety of having the marriage ceremony performed before we left the shores of our native country. My attention was so much engaged in making preparation for the voyage, that the idea of the ceremony never occurred to me. May Heaven forgive me, for it was not designedly omitted.

With the contents of the purse which my father had given me, I found no difficulty in procuring the necessary male attire, and all other things required for the outfit,—and ere the sun had lighted up the horizon on the morning of the day on which my father had enjoined to leave the Mansion, I was dressed in the accoutrements of one of the B'hoys, and on my way to the wharf at which the ship was lying. I was accompanied thither by Mortimer of course.

Our baggage was immediately taken on board, and we found ourselves in comfortable quarters.

At the hour of 10, A. M., we hauled out from the dock, and the Steamer Osceola was ready to give us a tow beyond the Hook.

As we were passing down the Bay, and I had a little time for reflection, I was for the first time led to realise the awkwardness of my position. I was on ship-board, in the company of Mortimer, and yet I was not legally his wife. I mentioned the oversight to him, and he, as well as myself, appeared exceedingly distressed. To make matters worse, I was dressed in male attire. No request could, therefore, be made of the captain on the subject, without subjecting ourselves to censure and disgrace,—even if an official could then be obtained to perform the ceremony, which was hardly probable. We therefore concluded to let matters remain as they were, feeling as though we belonged to each other, and that the ceremony was, at most, only a matter of form.

We were now fully embarked.

As no further occurrences of note transpired during our passage down the Bay, I shall make no other comment on this portion of our voyage.

The Steamer Osceola left us outside the Hook, at about 6 o'clock, P. M., of the same day on which we had embarked.

We now flung our canvass to the breeze, and stood forth into the broad expanse of the Atlantic. The wind was light, and so much to the south of East, that we were under the necessity of keeping our vessel closely trimmed, in order to bear away sufficiently from the land. Our progress during the night was but small.

On the morning of the second of May the weather was fair, the wind still continued light, and in the same direction. At about nine o'clock, A. M., we discovered a vessel at the south of us, and she immediately displayed a signal, which signal was promptly answered by the Henry Clay. A succession of signals were now displayed. The import of these, a portion of the crew, at any rate, did not understand.

At the close of the signals, the captain ordered the ship to be put about, and kept in a direction north of east.

This manouvre excited some surprise in Mortimer, as he expressed himself to me, saying that we were bearing sufficiently away from the land on our former course, and that now we were approaching the coast of Long Island.

We stood on in this direction, until the coast of Long Island, with its breakers, in reality, appeared distinctly to our view. The ship was again tacked, and run in a westerly direction, parallel with the coast. It was now on the afternoon of the 3d. The coast of Long Island is known to be a dangerous coast for vessels,—and as we sailed along, and viewed the breakers in the distance, the occurrence of the wrecks of the Bristol and the Mexico, were strongly pictured to the imagination.

The movements of the captain were not understood, and he refused to give any explanation.

At about three o'clock, P. M., the wind began to grow squally, and to blow directly from the south. Those who have resided on, or in the vicinity of Long Island, are perfectly familiar with the tremendous southerly winds which sometimes affect that coast. The captain began to evince considerable anxiety, and the wind rose by degrees to a perfect hurricane.

Every thing was now in a scene of confusion. The breakers were on the lee-ward, and the tide and wind setting us directly inward. Some prayed, and others loaded the captain with imprecations and curses, for bringing his ship in that position. As for myself, I clung to the arm of Mortimer, according to his directions, —and the tears which I shed on that occasion did but little honour to the male attire.

The wind continued to blow, and the breakers were now within a hundred yards of us. We every moment expected the ship to strike, when suddenly she seemed to be caught as if by an eddy, and she moved perceptibly to the windward. To increase our hopes, the gale somewhat abated, and the vessel bore up gallantly to the breeze.

The change from despair to hope was so sudden, that there was now as much confusion from excess of joy, as there had recently been from excess of terror,—and three cheers for the good old ship were soon found to be in order.

The vessel continued to bite her way into the wind, until we

were secure from the phantoms of Death which beckoned us to the lee-ward.

The captain now condescended to assign a reason why he had not continued directly on his course. He said he had yet to receive a portion of his cargo, for which purpose he intended to put in at the Breakwater, at the mouth of the Delaware,—that he did not wish to arrive there until all things were ready to come on board,—and that the signals which he had received from the vessel at the southward, were intended to apprize him of the progress of matters in that quarter; and that the said vessel would again telegraph to him, when the cargo which he expected to receive at that point, should be prepared: and, also, that he intended to stand off and on the coast, until he should receive the proper information.

This explanation was apparently satisfactory to the greater portion of the crew; but Bowers suspected that all was not right. Prudence, however, forbade him to express himself to that effect. The captain was solicited by all hands to keep a little further from the shore, and thus the matter ended.

After standing in a westerly direction for a while, we found ourselves nearly in the same position in which we were left by the steamer; and, on tacking ship, we bore away nearly in the same direction as we had taken on our first course.

The wind was now bearing south-west, and the gale having decreased to a good sailing breeze, the Henry Clay flew like a bird over the waters. On arriving at or near our first telegraph position, signals were again displayed, but, it appeared, with no better satisfaction to the captain, as he continued on his course.

We were now sailing directly on the route to California. The wind was fair, and I regretted that we had again to turn back for the purpose of stopping at the capes.

At about twelve o'clock on the night of the 4th, the captain changed his course, and stood in towards Cape Henlopen. At daylight he shot up a signal. This was immediately answered, and it appeared that all was right, as the ship was put into the Bay, and shortly after moored inside the Breakwater.

Now came the remainder of the cargo, which was closely packed in boxes, and marked "Sheetings," some with the stamp of the Powhattan Mills, and others marked "Lowell, Mass.," &c.

Next followed a quantity of passengers, so many that our ship was literally crammed. The suspicion of Bowers was again awakened, but he communicated nothing except to myself.

When all was on board, we tripped our anchor, and again bore away to the Atlantic. The circle described by our vessel as we sailed out the bay, was such as to give us a full view of the buildings and bathing grounds at Cape May, the beautiful appearance of which is pecularly striking when viewed from the ocean. I

shall omit their description as not particularly connected with my story.

I now anticipated that we were entirely cleared for the gold mines, and gave myself no apprehension for the future,—and, although we were closely stowed on board, we had made up our minds to be as cheerful as possible.

On the night of the 4th we took the first comfortable sleep we had enjoyed since having been on board. The most of us had now no apprehensions. We little thought how soon apprehension was to be awakened.

On the morning of the 5th, we noticed that arms were distributed to certain portions of the crew, and that the military drill was the order of the day. We noticed, also, that the arms were taken from the boxes received on board at the Breakwater. There was now no longer any doubt. Something was wrong. A perfect silence was observed with regard to all questions which were asked. We noticed that about two-thirds of the ship's company were armed, and consequently were into the secret, whatever its nature might be. No information could be elicited on the day of the 5th.

On the morning of the 6th, the drum beat to arms,—and all those who *were* armed assembled in proper order upon the deck. The captain then politely requested the remainder of the passengers to assemble on the quarter.

We complied with his request, and on being assembled he delivered to us the following short address:—

"Gentlemen, we suffered you to embark with us under the impression that you were going to California. This little deception was necessary on our part, otherwise we should not have been able to have escaped from the port. Our destination is Cuba. Since you have embarked on board our vessel, it is necessary that you should go along with us. If you will join in our expedition, we have arms sufficient for you. We would gladly have you to unite with us for the purpose of augmenting our numbers, and we have no doubt that our proposition will be acceptable to you, seeing that we are engaged in an enterprise intended to strike off the chains of slavery from the inhabitants of the island for which we are destined."

At the conclusion of this address the passengers viewed each other, as if waiting for some one to reply.

Bowers at length stepped forth.

Addressing the captain, he spoke as follows:

"If Captain Bainbridge will allow us the privilege of holding a private consultation for a few moments, we shall then be able to give him a definite answer."

The captain assented to the proposition, and immediately withdrew to the forward deck.

Upon consulting, it was found that the passengers were, *en masse*, opposed to the expedition to Cuba, and that they were determined, if possible, not to be drawn into it. The question then was, whether they would accept the arms. This was decided in the affirmative,—considering that we should be better able to take care of ourselves, with arms in our hands, than without them. It was agreed that we should apparently accede to the Captain's proposition, and subsequently project measures for the future.

The conclusion having been formed, Bowers walked forward, and told the Captain that we acceded to his proposition.

Arms were then put into our hands, and we soon found ourselves drilling in martial order, upon the deck of the Henry Clay.

Every man of the ship's company was now considered as fully enlisted in the enterprise, and every information relating to it was communicated without reserve,

We were informed that the plan of Gen. Lopez was, to make a descent upon the Island at three different points—that one of these points was at Cardenas, another at Trinidad, and the other (the one for which we were destined) was at St. Jago de Cuba.

It was his design to land and establish himself at these points, anticipating that the presence of his troops at these different quarters, would encourage the people generally throughout the Island to revolt and flock to his standard. He supposed, also, that the Spanish troops garrisoned upon the island would be easily subdued after having enlisted the people in his favour. His plan appears ultimately to have failed, except so far as the landing of the troops at Cardenas was concerned. So easily are frustrated the designs of man.

The destination of our company, then, was St. Jago de Cuba, situated on the southern extremity of the Island.

All was now quiet on ship-board, and, to a superficial observer, every thing appeared to be going on well. The officers devoted their whole attention to perfecting the skill of the men in the use of their arms,—and Bowers, on account of his noble bearing, and the precision with which he went through the various drills, was promoted to the rank of Captain,—a circumstance which excited no little pride in me, although it would have been impossible to raise him higher in my estimation than he already stood.

Although every one was outwardly submissive to the officers commanding the expedition, yet, there might be seen, whenever opportunity presented itself, small congregations of that portion of the crew who had embarked with the view of going to California. Various projects were proposed by them for thwarting the design of the expedition. No sure and decisive measure, however, presented itself, except that of open opposition,—and then the ques-

tion was, whether we were sufficiently strong in point of numbers.

This question required a little consideration. After revolving the matter in our mind a day or so, it was finally resolved to make the attempt. It was determined that our party should wear their side-arms continually, in order that no suspicion might be excited when the opposition was about to be made.

Our party drilled themselves constantly in the broad-sword exercise,—the broad-sword being the weapon on which they mostly depended for the execution of their designs,—the muskets being deposited in one of the state-rooms immediately on the termination of each drill. Our plan was, to secure the state-room containing these weapons, and likewise to secure as many of the side-arms of the opposite party as could conveniently be done.

When the drills were past some of this party ordinarily retained their side-arms, and others laid them away in such places as best suited their convenience. A great majority of them, therefore, were entirely unarmed except at the time of the drill.

It was thought by our party, that by securing the state-room containing the muskets, and each man seizing as many of the arms of the opposite party as came within his reach, when we were about to make the attempt, there would be little resistance, and consequently but little loss of life.

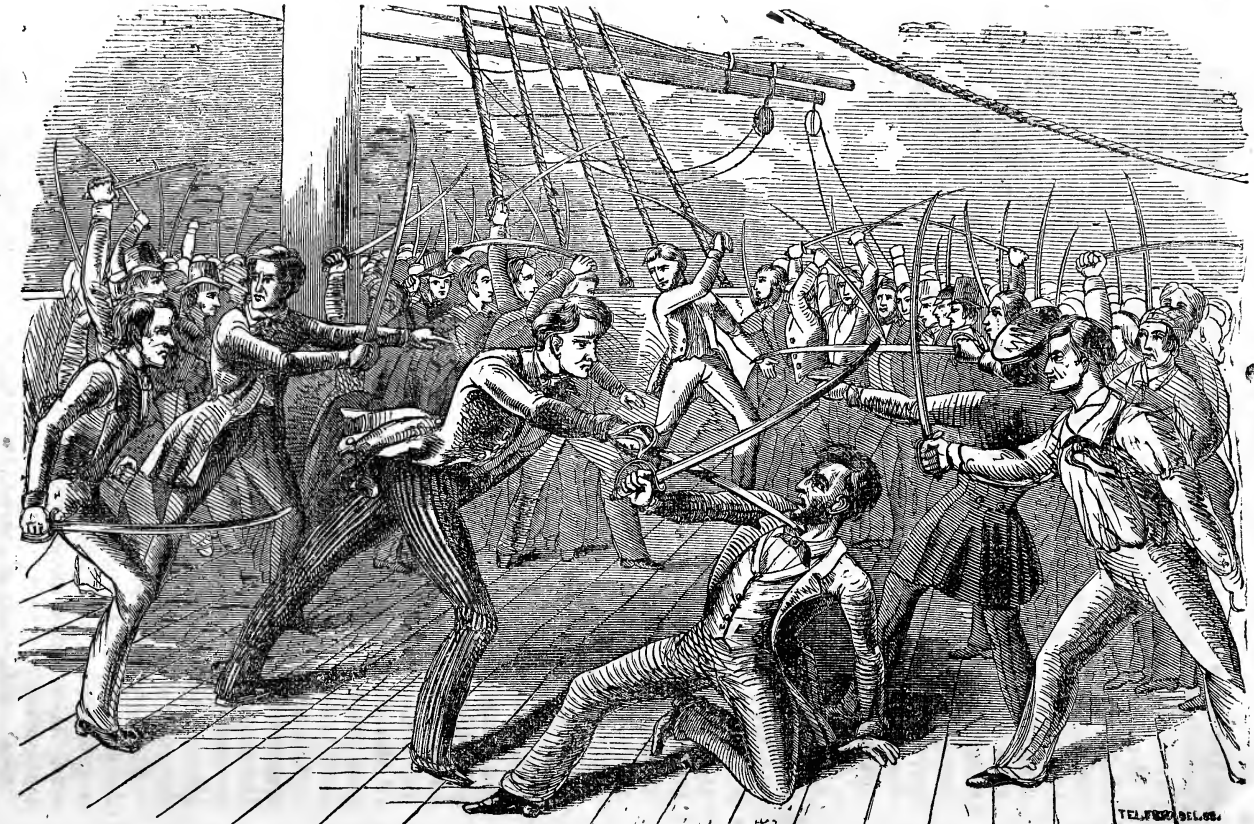
Such was our scheme. The time for putting into execution was fixed for the eighteenth of May, when it was expected that the ship would be off the coast of St. Jago de Cuba, and near the end of the voyage—or, rather, near the place of her destination. The attempt was to be made, also, at the hour of dinner. At that hour, we concluded, the energies of our opponents would be most universally relaxed.

El Dorado was to be the watch-word. It was first to be sounded by the man who secured the state-room,—at the sound of which every man was to look to his arms.

The eighteenth of May at length arrived,—and already the crew were gazing on the town of St. Jago de Cuba in the distance. Bowers had been appointed to command our party, a man had been selected to secure the state-room, and each one had a position assigned to him. Every thing promised the most complete success.

Bowers had enjoined upon me, that I should keep by his side until the affair was over.

At the hour of dinner, each one of our party took the place assigned him, and we did not wait long before the sound of El Dorado sounded from the state-room,—the keys securing which were promptly thrown overboard. Simultaneously, each of our men seized such of the weapons of our opponents as came near to hand, and the sound of "El Dorado" was heard from all parts of the ship.



"Bowers motioned his men forward, and opposed himself to Capt. Bainbridge. After a few passes between them, Bainbridge had taken passage for eternity. The battle now raged with the greatest fury."

The arms of our opponents which had been secured were also immediately thrown into the sea,—our party being sufficiently well armed without them.

Our men then immediately ranged in order on the starboard side of the vessel, and the shouting of "El Dorado" startled our opponents, and brought them also to the deck. On arriving there, and beholding us arranged in martial order, they looked at us with astonishment. Captain Bainbridge comprehended the matter at once. But the most of his own men were unarmed. He tried the state-room, but found it bolted and barred. He then waved his hand for his men to come aft. The order was immediately obeyed, and seizing a hatchet, he ripped open a box which had been deposited on the quarter deck, and covered with canvass, and which, unknown to us, was filled with side-arms.

Each man seized a weapon, and thus in an instant, as it were, our opponents were mostly armed, and stood arrayed against us. It was now too late for us to retract, as the consequences would have been fatal.

The eyes of our party were now directed to Bowers, as if asking whether they should strike. The countenance of Mortimer, at this juncture, was thrilling in the extreme. I could only compare it to the Jupiter of Homer, when

> "He shakes his ambroisal curls in giving nod,
> The stamp of fate and sanction of a God."

Bowers motioned his men forward, and it was now "Hand to hand, and steel to steel."

Mortimer opposed himself to Captain Bainbridge, and after a few passes between them, Bainbridge had taken passage for Eternity. The battle now raged with the greatest fury. I kept by the side of Mortimer, as he had enjoined upon me, and I was more than once indebted to him for warding a blow, which would have been fatal to me.

A comrade who fought next to me met with a fate which was so horrible in its nature, that the occurrence nearly unnerved me. He was attacked by two of our assailants, and becoming bewildered by their impetuosity, he lost his guard, and their weapons both took effect on him at the same time,—one passing through his body, and the other severing the head therefrom.

The fight continued for about half an hour, when more than half the crew lay dead or dying upon the deck. The combatants began to grow weary, and their exhaustion, in connexion with the horrid scene about them, caused them to suspend their fury as if by mutual consent.

Our number was so extensively diminished by the conflict, that it would now have been considered the height of folly to meditate a

descent upon the Island. It seemed to be the general wish, as expressed by the actions of the survivors, that the affray should be stopped. The weapons were therefore returned to the scabboard.

Our attention was now directed to the wounded and the dying. The day was exceedingly hot, and the cries for water were incessant. Our stock on board was nearly exhausted, and we were under the necessity of procuring more from *some* source. To obtain it, it was necessary that some one should go on shore, it was also necessary that whoever ventured to go, should go entirely unarmed,—thereby assuming a pacific character.

A call was made for some one to volunteer his services. No one was found to offer, and it is a fact, that among the survivors of those who intended to take Cuba by force of arms, not one remained who had sufficient courage to venture alone upon the land to obtain a supply of water.

Bowers at length said he would go himself. It was therefore agreed that the vessel should be run in as near the land as could be done with safety, drop the anchor, and remain until the water could be brought on board.

This arrangement being agreed upon, and the ship being brought to the proper station, one of the boats was launched, with the water casks, and Bowers and myself stepped into her. The wind being light and fair, we put up a sail, and run into the land. After some search, we discovered a spring, and were in the act of filling our casks when we espied that the ship had tripped her anchor and was in the act of moving off.

We felt alarmed, but on casting our eyes to the westward, we discovered the cause of this movement. A Spanish brigantine was bearing down upon the Henry Clay, and those on board having no ordnance mounted to defend themselves, were unwilling, under their present circumstances to come in too close contact with the Spaniard, not knowing what he might be pleased to do. They had, therefore, concluded to take to their heels.

Thus Mortimer and myself were deserted, and left to the mercy of those into whose hands we might chance to fall. The ship crowded all sail, and what with her speed, and the coming on of night, she was soon lost to our sense of vision.

We were now upon the Island without provisions of any kind, and neither of us understood the Spanish language. What was to be done? The best policy appeared to be, to make our way in the direction of the town, and trust to fortune on our arrival at that place.

On arriving at the town we sought a lodging for the night. The difficulty of making ourselves understood was some little hindrance, although we should have fared sufficiently well had not the brigan-

tine sent word on shore that a vessel had been driven from the coast, and that the people of the town should be on the look-out. It was immediately inferred that we belonged to the strange vessel, and we were summoned into the presence of the chief magistrate. The name of this magistrate we afterwards learned to be Don Martin Mandrillo.

On being requested to give an account of ourselves, Bowers frankly stated every thing connected with our history, from the time of our embarkation at the port of New York. Our persons were then subjected to an examination, and, unluckily for us both, my sex was discovered. This circumstance bore hard against us. They would listen to nothing which would tend to palliate what they considered to be a very grave offence,—and they considered, or pretended to consider, that those who were capable of falling into such things, were capable of others also,—and they immediately set us down as belonging to the expedition against the Island, and consequently committed us to prison.

The prison in which we were confined was in the basement of St. Andrew's church. Whether this place was originally intended as a jail or not, I am unable to say: certain it is, however, that it answered the purpose well, and is well supplied with the instruments of torture.

We had obtained lodgings, but under circumstances, and in a place which was not calculated to excite in us any very agreeable feelings. We had no bed to repose on, except what the stone flagging of our cells afforded us. Our apartments were adjoining each other, and it was some consolation to hear the sound of each other's feet, as we paced to and fro for the want of a comfortable place to sit or lie.

Wearied with the exercise, we at length sank down upon the pavement, and denuding ourselves of a portion of our garments for the purpose of forming a pillow, sought to forget the realities of our situation by taking as comfortable a nap as our situation would allow.

Although we lay upon the stone pavement, we slept until awakened in the morning, by our jailer throwing open the doors of our cells and calling us to rise.

He told us that we were at liberty to walk in the room into which our cells opened,—and that he would soon furnish us with some breakfast. He retired, and we were left at liberty to examine the room in which he allowed us to walk. We examined that, and also examined the cells in which we had passed the night. We were firmly persuaded, from appearances, that all attempts to escape without some assistance from without, must be futile. The windows were small, and firmly secured with bars of iron. The walls of the prison also had iron bars extending across them, at the distance of about six inches apart. The floor was also

guarded in the same way. We were thus emphatically iron-bound.

In about an hour the jailer reappeared, bringing with him a mug of water, and a small loaf of brown bread. These he deposited on a small table standing on one side of the room, and then retired.

At about three o'clock, P. M., we received another lunch of the same sort, and that was all the food we received through the day. At night we were again committed to the cells.

This was the manner of our living, with little variation, until the *finale* of the descent at Cardenas had presented itself. After the invaders had been driven back from that point, and the prisoner's taken at Woman's Island, in connexion with the seizure of the Georgiana and the Susan Loud, we were destined to experience a change, the circumstances connected with which I am about to relate.

Early one morning, before our jailer had waited on us as was customary, we heard a bustle in the ante-chamber, seemingly caused by a number of persons passing about the room, and conversing with each other.

Our breakfast was also introduced into our cells,—a departure from the custom which had previously been observed.

At about the hour of ten, the doors of our apartments opened, and we were ordered to come forth. On approaching the ante-chamber, we found it fitted up in the shape of an auditory. A number of persons were in attendance; these, from their appearance and dress, we thought must constitute a portion of the principal citizens of the place,—and among them was Don Martin Mandrillo, the magistrate into whose presence we had previously been introduced.

A place had been fitted up in the form of a dock, in which, after the assembly had scrutinized us a few moments, Bowers was ordered to stand. I was remanded back to my cell.

Don Martin, with the assistance of those present, then proceeded to examine Bowers relating to the expedition, but was not able to elicit any thing more than he already knew. After the examination, Bowers was manacled and conducted back to his apartment.

I was then ordered to come forth and stand in the dock, and I passed an examination similar to that to which Bowers had been subjected. Nothing new was elicited from me. Irons were placed upon me, and I, also, was again incarcerated in the gloomy dungeon. We knew not our future destiny.

On the next succeeding morning we were again summoned into the ante-chamber, and were told that we must confess all we knew concerning the matter of the invasion, or submit ourselves to the torture. We both declared that we could communicate nothing more than had already been done.

A small rope, drawn over a pully, was suspended from the ceil-

ing, in the end of which rope was fastened a small hook, somewhat resembling a fish-hook, except that the beard was wanting.

We were now partially strangled, in order that the organ linguæ might protrude from the mouth. The tongue was then perforated with an awl, and the hooks attached to the ropes were inserted therein. The ropes were then drawn over the pullies, until they became so tight that we were under the necessity of standing on tip-toe to prevent our weight from being wholly borne by the tongue.

They kept us in this position for about fifteen minutes, when they released us, and remanded us to the dungeon.

A torture, on a par with the above, was inflicted every day during the space of one whole week,—we being requested on each occasion to divulge whatever we knew, and on declaring that we knew nothing more than had already been communicated, the torture was immediately applied.

In order that my reader may know, or form an idea of the nature of the Cuban Spaniard, I shall describe each torture separately.

On the second day, instead of one, there were four hooks attached to the rope, and one hook was inserted in each shoulder, and one in each hip, and thus we were suspended by these hooks, with our faces downward, until our persecutors were pleased to relieve us from the torment,—and this because we refused to communicate concerning a matter on which we were entirely ignorant.

On the third day we were suspended by the hair, and left to dangle until our persecutors were satisfied.

On the fourth day we were hung up with the head downwards, and suffered to remain a while in that position.

On the fifth we were scourged with a bundle of red hot wires.

And on the sixth, and last day, we were brought forth with great solemnity,—a Catholic priest being in attendance. The commands were now more particularly directed to Bowers, and he was ordered to confess what he knew, or this was to be the last day of his life. Bowers solemnly protested that he knew nothing more to communicate than had already been told.

He was then ordered to stand on a small platform, immediately in front of what appeared to be the image of a beautiful virgin. He was then told, that as he had a particular fancy for the ladies, as was evident from the fact that he had induced me to elope with him from my native country, he should have the privilege of embracing the beautiful image before him: and he was commanded to do so. Bowers leaned forward to obey the command, when lo! I was horror-struck at beholding the image raise its arms for the purpose of returning the embrace, and in the place of what should have been its arms, two sharp instruments, in the shape of sickles,

presented themselves, and clasped the body of Mortimer in their embrace. Bowers writhed in agony, but all to no purpose. I was struck dumb.

The image continued to tighten its embrace, until the body of Mortimer fell, in four separate pieces, upon the floor.

I had no further recollection until I awoke, as if from a dream, and found myself in my dungeon. It was some time before I could collect my thoughts,—but when I had been able to do so, the scene which I had witnessed was depicted to me in all its horrors. I now had no wish to live; in reality, I sincerely desired that my tormentors would put me also to death.

I was now suffered to remain both day and night incarcerated in the cell, and no further notice seemed to be taken of me, other than to furnish me with my daily allowance of bread and water.

After remaining in this condition for some days, I was surprised one afternoon to see the door of my cell open, and a lady, in company with the man who had acted as interpreter on former occasions, enter.

This lady introduced herself to me as Senora Mandrillo, the wife of Don Martin. She had heard of my case through the medium of her husband, and, it appears, her sympathies had been somewhat excited. She therefore wished to see and converse with me. I related to her my whole history without reserve, and concluded by beseeching her to interpose in my behalf.

After hearing my story, she seemed for a while to be absorbed in thought, but finally promised that she would endeavour to ameliorate my condition. She then left me.

On the third day after the above interview, at about the time of night-fall, the same lady again entered my apartment, with a female attendant.

She immediately ordered the attendant female to take off her outer garment, and requesting me also to undress, desired me to dress in the garment of which the other female had disrobed herself. She then threw over my head the scarf which her attendant had worn, and ordered me to follow *her*,—the attendant remaining behind in the cell.

We passed through the ante-chamber without exciting the suspicion of the jailer. On arriving outside, we found the Senora's carriage in waiting.

We set off in the direction of San Salvador, at which place we arrived in the course of a couple of hours. At this place the lady had engaged a small boat to convey me down the river to an English vessel which was then lying in the bay, and bound for Baltimore.

By accelerating our movements, I found myself before the break of day safely shipped on board the brig Falmouth, and secure from the apprehension of any further insult or torture from the Spaniards.

Early in the morning our vessel weighed anchor, and after clearing Cape Cruz, stood to the eastward. As we run along the southern coast, we ran so near the land that I had an opportunity of taking a farewell view of the town of St. Jago de Cuba, a town not likely soon to be forgotten by me.

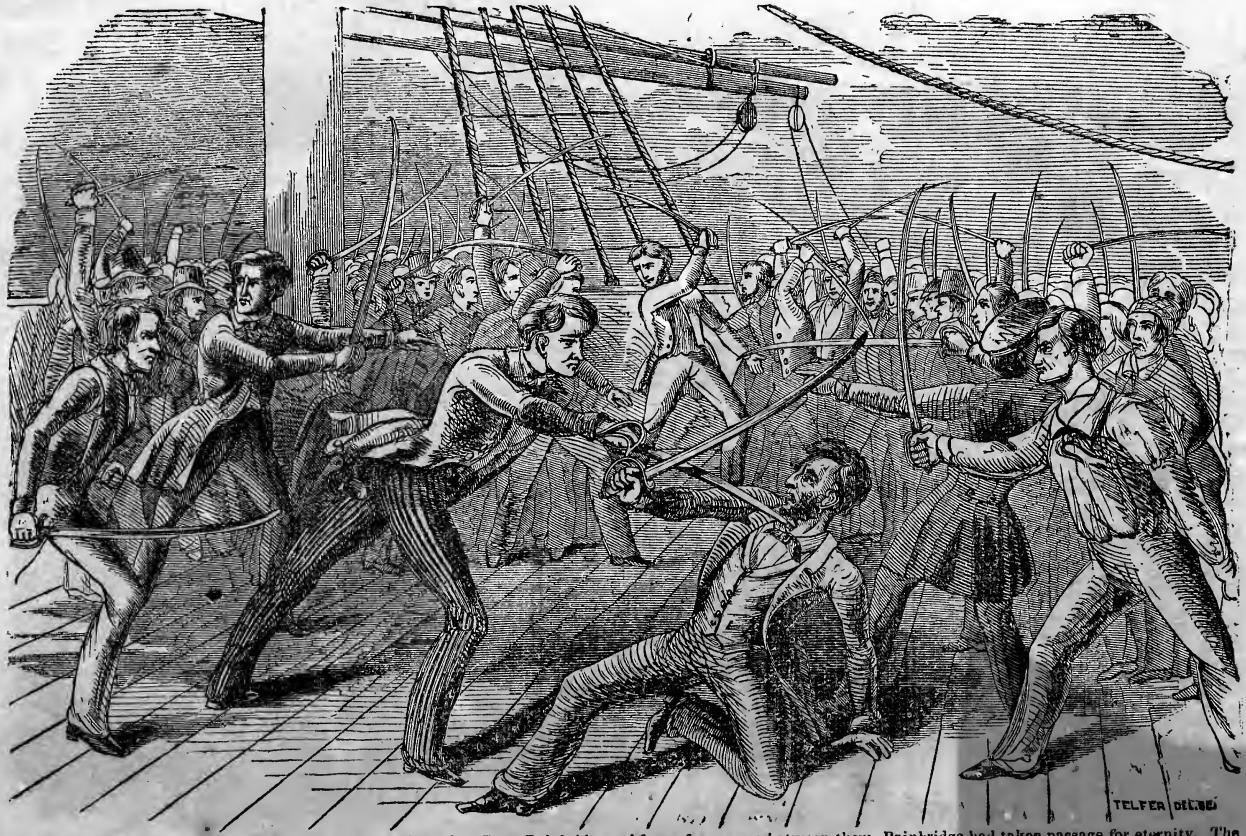
Our vessel now stood out through the windward passage, between the Islands of Cuba and St. Domingo, and I soon found myself again upon the waters of the Atlantic. Nothing of note transpired during our voyage. We entered the port of Baltimore on the 15th July, 1850.

As already stated, the relation at Baltimore of my adventure, excited so great a degree of interest, that I was induced to make the matter public, by presenting it in the form of a book. I know not that it is my duty to moralize on the subject, and, therefore, I shall leave my readers mostly to their own reflections.

I would merely say, in conclusion, that, perhaps, had there been a little more discretion exercised, both by my parents and myself, I might have been spared my sufferings, and matters, at the present time, would be more agreeable for us both, and I would remind both the old and the young, that it is as necessary now as formerly, to observe the old adage—

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

I now only seek to retire from the world, and to spend my days in seclusion. Since the death of Bowers, I shall wait with patience for that coming eternity in which I hope to meet with him in that happy state in which sorrow is never known.



"Bowers motioned his men forward. and opposed himself to Capt. Bainbridge. After a few passes between them Bainbridge had taken passage for eternity. The battle now raged with the greatest fury."

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